

SHOT LAUGHING CHILD HE HELD UPON HIS KNEE

Capt. Van Pelt Tried to Kill
Daughter and Then
Himself.

3 BULLETS FOR EACH.

Estranged Wife Heard Merry
Prattle End With Pis-
tol's Reports.

Capt. George Van Pelt, consoling for a few minutes today in the S. R. Smith Infirmary, Staten Island, made his first statement since he shot his eight-year-old daughter, Ruth, three times, last night, and fired three bullets into his own head, at the home of his wife's parents, J. W. Campbell, and wife, No. 11, Levee avenue, Port Richmond, Staten Island.

"I didn't intend to get little Ruth," he told the nurse, "who had been a few moments in the kitchen, and I was going to get an automobile. I was not going to let her see me, I decided she would be better dead than brought up under the influence of certain people."

"My wife and I separated last October. I wanted my daughter and tried to get her to come with me, but it was no use. I didn't want her to be reared by her mother. I pleaded and begged, but they would only let me see her occasionally."

"Shot Child for Love." "Last night I went to the house and found the child. My wife came to the door. I asked her if I could take Ruth walking and she said 'No.'"

"Then I asked if I could come in and see Ruth a few minutes. She said Ruth was ready to go to bed, but that I could see her for a few minutes. I talked to Ruth a few minutes and she kissed me several times."

"I looked at the dear, innocent child and decided that I loved her too well to let things drift as they were. I had concluded some time before that if ever I was satisfied that I could never get her I'd kill her. I saw her laughing and happy, and it saddened me to think what might become of her."

"Now's the time, while she's happy," I said to myself. She was sitting in my lap, smiling into my face. I pulled out the pistol and before she suspected anything shot her three times. I thought she was dead."

"My daughter was all I had to live for, and she was dead. I thought I had nothing further to live for. I shot myself, and that's all I remember."

Capt. Van Pelt hinted that there was a man involved in the trouble that had brought about his separation from his wife, but refused to give the Coroner his name.

Her Care Only for Child.

Mrs. Van Pelt refused to visit her husband, but sat at the bedside of her daughter all night. Despite the surgeons' statements that the child will not live Mrs. Van Pelt clings to the slender hope of her recovery and manifests no concern as to her husband's conditions, not asking if he would live or die.

"I won't go near him even if he dies, but I will stay right here with Ruth to the last," she wept. "He had no reason to say to Coroner Cahill that he shot Ruth because he did not want her to be brought up under the influence of her mother. I have not been living with another man, or even keeping company with one, since I left him. I can't account for his action. He came last night and I left Ruth smiling and happy on his knee."

"I was talking to my mother, upstairs, when I heard three shots. There lay little Ruth, apparently dead, on the floor. I ran down and found her. I placed a gun to the back of her head and fired three more shots and then fell almost over her body. Oh, it was terrible. I ran to Ruth and then called for help. I don't want to see his face ever again, dead or alive."

Van Pelt will be charged with murder and attempted suicide, if he recovers, which the surgeons now regard as likely.

The Campbell and Mrs. Van Pelt waited impatiently in another room last night for Capt. Van Pelt to end his visit to his daughter and leave. His visits were never pleasant to them and they intuitively feared them, but by an order of court he was entitled to see the child.

Shots Ended Child's Laughter. After an interval of childish laughter, the shots rang out quickly. Mrs. Van Pelt was the first to reach the door. She threw it open and saw the father stand over the unconscious child and fire another shot into the little body.

Then, after looking at his wife, a moment, Capt. Van Pelt raised the pistol and shot himself three times in the back of the head, two shots being fired after he fell to the floor.

During the night surgeons probed for the bullets, but were unable to find any of them. It is believed to-day that the child has a chance to recover, but Capt. Van Pelt's death is expected at any time.

Mrs. Van Pelt is an attractive woman about thirty years of age and Capt. Van Pelt is thirty-five. He is a member of one of the oldest families on Staten Island, and was employed by the J. B. King Company. He was married ten years ago, and, up to the time of the estrangement, lived in a cottage at Mariners Harbor.

Last week the father was ordered by Magistrate Handy to pay the mother \$12 a week for the support of the child, but he had declared he would never give up any money unless he could keep his daughter. Since he and his wife parted, he had been living on the tug he commanded.

GEN. SAXTON DROPS DEAD.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Brig. Gen. Rufus Saxton, U. S. A., retired, dropped dead here yesterday of heart disease. He received a Congressional medal for bravery in the defense of Harper's Ferry, and was retired April 23, 1864. Gen. Saxton was born eighty-four years ago.

Sentenced to Be a College Student for Life, "Bill" Kemp Must Stay to Earn \$2,500 a Year.

Bequeathed an Annuity of That Amount
So Long as He Continues a Student
in Columbia, He Has Collected
It for 27 Years.

WILL DOOMS HIM TO DWELL
IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Has Taken Half the Courses of a Curriculum
Containing 250, and Is Hopeful the
List Will Hold Out as Long
as He Does.

William Cullen Bryant Kemp, matriculated student at Columbia University for the past twenty-seven years, will probably go down in history as the only man ever sentenced for life to be a student.

When he was a care free, happy lad of a freshman a quarter of a century ago a fond relative left him an annuity of \$2,500. "Bill" Kemp could only draw this annuity, however, by remaining a registered and chartered undergraduate of a university. If he ever left the classic halls of learning and set foot out in the world beyond, his income ceased.

But Mr. Kemp preferred the sure annuity to any chances of wealth and fame abroad. He has pluggled along an enrolled student at Columbia for seven and twenty years, and will continue plugging along for half a century more if he be spared to such a hoary age.

Columbia's student in perpetuity now writes his name "William Cullen Bryant Kemp, A. B., A. M., LL.B., LL. D., LL. D. M. B., C. E., M. D., D. D. S., and maybe wind it up with veterinary surgery and osteopathy. During those sentences probably will be added in time to it him out completely for a ripe old age.

Examinations Made Bill Nervous. When President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, uttered his first color, "Bill" Kemp was a supercilious junior. But when Dr. Butler donned his mortar-board at his senior commencement and went forth with his diploma under his arm, a graduated student Kemp was still skillfully dodging about from course to course trying not to graduate.

He was a slender young chap then, with a bright smile and a quick eye. To-day he has a slight tendency to curl, and his hair is rapidly shading to gray. He has a suite of student rooms in Hartley Hall, where he entertains his friends, pores over his lessons and crams for exams.

He is always nervous around examination time, has been so for more than a score of years. But his nervousness is not the apprehension of the pallid grind, in which the chief element is fear of failure to pass. Kemp's fear has always been that he might pass more than was absolutely necessary, for that is the grim fate of the graduate. He has a suit of student rooms in Hartley Hall, where he entertains his friends, pores over his lessons and crams for exams.

He is always nervous around examination time, has been so for more than a score of years. But his nervousness is not the apprehension of the pallid grind, in which the chief element is fear of failure to pass. Kemp's fear has always been that he might pass more than was absolutely necessary, for that is the grim fate of the graduate. He has a suit of student rooms in Hartley Hall, where he entertains his friends, pores over his lessons and crams for exams.

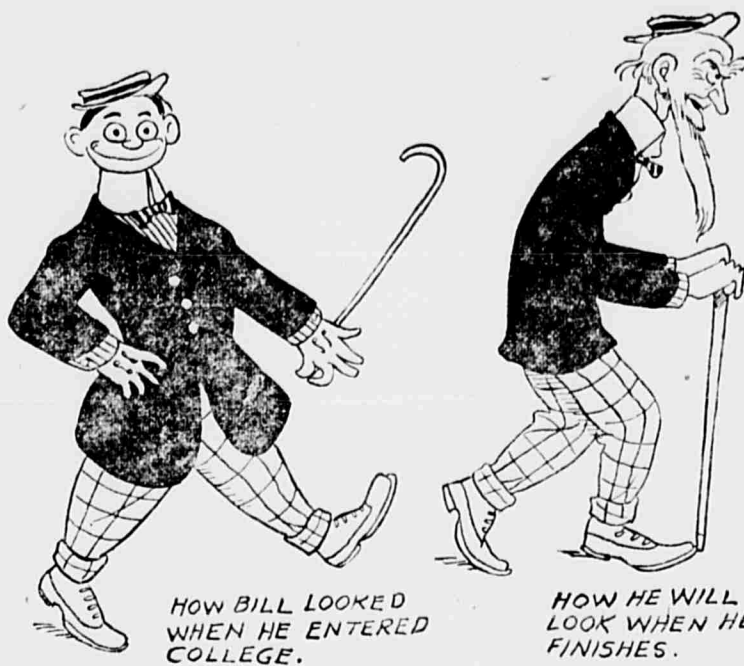
Six times, it is said, Kemp happily flunked in chemistry. Prof. Charles F. Chandler recalled marking the "E" or the "F" on his papers for at least a lustrium, and the professor marvelled at his ingenuity and skill in falling down so successfully year after year. But the seventh time the "perpetual student" went up for the final examination in an almost perfect paper, some say that he was walking in his sleep when he went into the examination room and unconsciously allowed his memory perfect freedom.

Picks Up a Degree Here and There. "Bill" Kemp also took his various degrees in a leisurely manner, for he wasn't going to rush ahead and exhaust them all with the high school enthusiasm of some of his fellow-graduates. Degrees were all very well in their places, but when one has to devote one's whole life to degree-getting it is not going to be in any passionate hurry to exhaust the supply. So Student Kemp loafed along for sixteen years or so, nibbling here and there at the less tedious branches of learning, and then decided to take the degree of bachelor of laws. He got his LL. B. in 1896 and stowed it away in his locker.

Then he looked over the list of degrees on tap and found there were a dozen or so that he could take his time about acquiring. In 1900 he took an A. B., and in his bid for an A. M. and LL. M. in the twenty years previous he had done all the work necessary for these degrees, and the college faculty were begging him to take them and go about on a new tack along other courses. So he reluctantly consented and found himself a bachelor of laws, a master of arts, a bachelor of arts and a master of literature.

Down to Tortoise Speed Now. But when he looked through the catalogue he found he wasn't so bad off as he thought he was. He could still be a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of literature, a medical doctor, a doctor of dental surgery, a doctor of philosophy, a doctor of pedagogy and a horse doctor, if the university ever added that science to the list, which in time it probably would. Even after he had exhausted the horse doctoring he might switch his attention to archaeology, geology, paleontology, biology, zoology, entomology, ornithology, anthropology and sociology, and still have a cozy little residuum of "oligates" left over.

As a matter of fact "Bill" Kemp, as he has been known by twenty odd classes of undergraduates, did not and it so horribly difficult to skate along easily over the thin ice of learning without plunging in and drowning himself. Had it not been for an aversion for his



FUNERAL SERVICES FOR MRS. BURDEN

Dr. Huntingdon Conducts
Them at the House Before
Family and Friends.

The funeral services for Mrs. William P. Burden, who was killed by gas on Friday, took place this morning at her late home, No. 908 Fifth avenue. At the close the body was taken to a special train which was waiting in the Grand Central Station to carry it to Troy for burial in the Burden mausoleum in Oakwood Cemetery.

The services, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Huntingdon, of Grace Church, were impressive, and the decorations of flowers elaborate and abundant. The casket was taken down from the third floor to the main landing of the wide staircase. On one side in the east drawing-room the members of the immediate family sat. In the west drawing-room the friends were gathered. On a landing above was the vested choir of boys under the direction of J. N. Helfenstein, organist and choralmaster of the church. The flowers on the casket were all white, principally roses and tuberous, with Southern smilax.

In the room with the immediate family was Oliver H. P. Belmont, the divorced husband of Mrs. George L. Rives and the father of the late Mrs. Burden. Mr. Belmont walked up Fifth avenue to the house and departed in the same manner. He did not go to the Grand Central Station. The services began with the singing of the hymn, "Lord, Let Me Know Mine End," followed by a tenor solo by J. Mulligan.

HIS LITTLE BOY TOO BIG.

Mulligan Arrests His Own Fifteen-Year-Old Giant Son.

Timothy Mulligan, of No. 248 Eighth avenue, walked into the West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street station early to-day holding his fifteen-year-old son, who is 6 feet 10 inches high, tightly by the arm.

Mulligan told Lieut. Leary that the lad was incorrigible and that he wanted him locked up. He said that his son had been stealing clothes from him and had been misbehaving generally. He missed his boy late last night, Mulligan said, and went to look for him. Upon returning home he found him asleep in the hallway.



Build What You Build, Well.

Build your body cell by cell, WELL. Use properly selected FOOD. That is the material, and, as the builder of a building selects the best brick and mortar, so you should select the very best material the world affords from which to build your body.

Nowadays we have that material right at hand chosen by an expert.

Grape-Nuts

Food is made from the certain selected parts of Wheat and Barley which supply the Phosphate of Potash that assimilates with Albumen and makes the soft gray matter in the nerve cells and brain to perfectly rebuild and sustain the delicate nervous system upon which the whole structure depends, and the food is so prepared in manufacture that babe or athlete can digest it.

There's a Reason and a profound one for GRAPE-NUTS.

DYNAMITERS SET OFF THIRD BOMB, WRECKING STORE

Licato's Place Blown Up Once
More After Black Hand
Threats.

Peter Licato's music store at No. 26 Morgan avenue, Williamsburg, was dynamited today, for the third time in a year. The front doors were blown in, the plate glass windows shattered, and several hundred dollars' worth of musical instruments destroyed. French horns were blown through a partition into Licato's apartments, in the rear, but no one was injured.

Each bomb outrage at Licato's store has been preceded by Black Hand correspondence. Demands for money, threats of death, and even the bomb explosions have failed to intimidate Licato, and he has replied to them by posting himself in the window of his store with a shot gun to await the appearance of the dynamiters.

A bomb blew in his store three months ago, and for ten weeks he kept vigil with the shotgun on his knees. Later, however, he relaxed his vigilance, sitting up only until a few hours after midnight. The explosion occurred at 4 o'clock this morning and was witnessed by Policemen Schroeder from two blocks away. He was a land of rare delicacy and was shaken by the explosion. There was no one in the street at the time, the dynamiters evidently having planted a time fuse and made good their escape.

The entire neighborhood was shaken by the explosion, and hundreds of scantily clad tenement dwellers fled from their homes into the street. There have been fifteen similar outrages in the vicinity within the past year. No arrests were made and no clue was obtained to the identity of any of the gang.

Three months ago a man was found lying of nine stab wounds in the House of Commons to-day by Reginald McKenna, president of the Board of Education. The bill regulates the conditions under which public money may be applied in aid of elementary education in England and Wales. The House of Commons was crowded for the occasion.

The new measure is not so contentious as the Burrell Educational Bill of 1906, which the House of Lords threw into the past paper basket without ceremony. The two main principles embodied in the new bill are that there shall be complete public control of the elementary schools by locally elected boards, and that there shall be no denominational tests in the appointment of teachers.

In speaking of the bill Mr. McKenna said that failure to pass the ministerial proposals would give a most powerful impetus to the movement to secure the total abolition of religious instruction in the schools.

A large crowd of curious spectators were in the street in front of the house, and Capt. John Conroy had twenty policemen under him to keep the passage clear.

BOY SPURNED BY ACTRESS SHOTS TO KILL HIMSELF

Son of Former Kingston
Mayor Tries Suicide When
Called "Lobster."

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.—Frederick D. Brinner, twenty-one years old, whose father, John W. D. Brinner, is an ex-Mayor of Kingston, N. Y., is dying in Jefferson Hospital, having shot himself in the abdomen in the Irving House here because Agnes Williamson, an actress with the Big Stick company, refused to love him as he thought she should.

Brinner had professed his love for Miss Williamson publicly and privately. When she was at the theatre he was sure to have a front seat, and he was her escort to and from the playhouse.

For several days Miss Williamson has been avoiding Brinner when it was possible for her to do so, and when the letter came yesterday it was the finishing touch.

A bell boy heard a revolver shot, and, forcing the door of Brinner's room, found the young man wounded. He was hurried to the hospital, where doctors said he had small chance of recovery.

Kindly notify my father, John W. D. Brinner, No. 23 John street, Kingston, N. Y.

When taken to the hospital Brinner tried to make it appear that he had shot himself accidentally. Mr. Brinner, the father, is expected here to-day.

Stern Brothers

To-morrow, Special Offering of
Men's Negligee Shirts

EXCELLENT QUALITY MADRAS, IN STRIPES AND FIGURES,
ALSO PLAIN WHITE COAT MODELS, WITH
PLAIN OR PLAID BOSOMS,
Value \$1.50, at \$1.00
MADRAS PAJAMAS
white grounds, in striped and
figured effects, military collars, at 95c

Linen Departments

A Large Purchase of
Pillow Shams, Tea Cloths, Chiffonier, Dresser and Buffet Scarfs,
of Irish Linen, Hand Hemstitched and with fancy
Japanese Drawn Work.

PILLOW SHAMS,	Each	65c,	95c,	1.20
TEA CLOTHS,		80c,	1.10,	1.30
SCARFS 18 x 45 ins.		78c,	1.00,	1.15
SCARFS 18 x 54 "		85c,	1.15,	1.38

HAND EMBROIDERED IRISH LINEN
DRESSER AND BUFFET SCARFS, Each \$1.15
TEA CLOTHS AND PILLOW SHAMS, " 1.20

Hand-made Cluny and Renaissance
Lace Trimmed Linens
RENAISSANCE LACE } CENTRE PIECES, \$1.38, 1.55, 2.60
TEA CLOTHS, } 3.60, 3.75, 3.95
CLUNY LACE CENTRE PIECES, 2.95, 3.50, 3.75

Blankets and Comfortables

Comfortables, Double Bed Size,
Figured Silkoline centre, plain,
silk border, white cotton filling, at \$2.75
Fancy Silk Mousseline centre,
Plain Silk Border, white cotton filling, at 4.25
Jacquard Blankets,
in new designs, suitable for
wrappers, bath robes and bed coverings, \$1.85, 2.15
Eastern & California Blankets,
Single Bed Size, at \$3.45, 4.85, 5.98
Three-quarter Bed Size, " 4.75, 5.25, 6.95
Double Bed Size, " 5.50, 7.75, 9.00

Metal Bedsteads & Bedding

Decided Reductions in Desirable Patterns
BRASS BEDSTEADS, 2 inch tubing, \$16.00, 25.00, 30.00
Formerly \$22.75, 32.00 and 38.00
ENAMELLED BEDSTEADS, all widths, \$4.35, 5.75, 6.75
Formerly \$5.50, 7.75 and 8.00
UPHOLSTERED BOX SPRINGS, \$10.00, 12.50, 16.50
Formerly \$12.50, 16.50 and 21.75
WOVEN WIRE SPRINGS, \$3.50, 4.50, 6.50
Formerly \$4.50, 5.50 and 8.00
WHITE DRAWINGS MATTRESSES,
Single Size, \$18.50 Double Size, \$26.00
Regular Values \$25.00 and 40.00

[West Twenty-third Street]

46th STREET 8th AVE
BAUMANN'S
WE PAY FREIGHT OPENS AN ACCOUNT CALL AND SEE OUR OWN TERMS OPEN SATURDAY UNTIL 10 P.M.
Our Credit Terms Apply Also to New York, Philadelphia and Long Island.
WRITE FOR LISTS OF THESE OFFERS
3 Rooms Furnished \$49.98
4 Rooms Furnished \$69.98
5 Rooms Furnished \$89.98
Value \$1.59 Value \$3.98 Value \$14.98 \$200 up
4 Room Apartment \$103.95
5 Rooms Furnished \$149.75
Apartment furnished for \$200 up

S.S.S. PURIFIES THE BLOOD

Bad blood is responsible for most of the ailments of mankind. When from any cause this vital fluid becomes infected with impurities, humors or poisons, disease in some form is sure to follow. Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Boils, Pimples, etc., while they show on the skin, have an underlying cause which is far deeper—an impure, humor-infected blood supply, and until this is corrected, and the blood purified, the distressing itching and burning symptoms will remain. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Blood Poison and all other blood disorders, are the result of a vitiated, polluted circulation, and will continue to grow worse unless the poison is removed from the blood. In all blood and skin diseases S. S. S. has proved itself a perfect remedy. It goes down into the circulation and removes all waste matter, humors or poisons, and makes the blood pure and health-sustaining. Nothing reaches inherited taints and old chronic troubles like S. S. S.; it cures because it purifies the blood and restores lost properties to the impoverished circulation. Not only is S. S. S. a blood purifier of the highest order, but a tonic and appetizer without an equal. Book on the blood and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.